

THE STAGE WORLD.
A PEER AT THE ACTOR AS HE IS
OFF THE BOARDS.
HE IS QUITE LIKE OTHER MORTALS.
The Player is Not Half a Bad Fellow
When You Know Him—Lincoln J.
Carter's Beginnings—We May See
Baltimore's Stock Company.

How little those of the great theatre-going public understand the men and women who people the stage world! From his comfortable seat in front of the play-box witnesses the performance, and carefully scrutinizes those who come before the foot-lights, making many a mental comment as to this or that particular character. He sees them only as they appear to him in the roles impersonated, and from such impressions he often forms his opinion of the man or the woman. He looks at the programme and finds the name of the person who is cast in this or that character, but though he may not know it, he is very often as much in the dark as before. To sum it all up, he is acquainted only with the character he sees, and, as a rule, is ignorant of the player, who loses his own identity in the part he is assuming, as though the actor had never come within the range of his vision. He may go to a matinee and sit in the front row, and for two hours and a half be almost close enough to reach over the foot-lights and touch those on the stage, yet at the hotel that night he may sit beside the actor or actress, as he eats his supper, and never know he is again in their presence.

The outside public entertain some very peculiar ideas in regard to those who make their living on the stage. And these views are the sole result of one-sided ignorance of the subject. The foot-lights always form a barrier between the people of the stage and those of the outside world, and those of the latter have seldom crossed this barrier, and placed themselves in a position to become acquainted with the men and women as they appear in social life, when the mask is off their faces.

Let us look at these people after the stage door has been closed behind them, and they are breathing the same air as the ordinary mortals. They really can inhale the same air that we do, despite the fact that some people in this world believe that these "play actors" are not to be classed with ordinary human beings. Many believe that the actor lives in an atmosphere of brimstone, in order that they may gradually become accustomed to it, but this view is ridiculous.

You will find the actor, in the first place, a perfect gentleman. He is generally an earnest conversationalist, and is informed on all the leading topics of the day. In his views he is always liberal. He has an opinion of his own, but he does not set it up against that of the ordinary citizen, and he is not at all conceited. He is a young man, for nothing in the world tends more to produce this mental state than being daily thrown in contact with different types of the great human family in all parts of the land. Very often he has a home life, and is as bound as firmly as the man who, with the setting of the sun each day, returns to his family circle, and mingles with his wife and children around his own fireside. The public is too prone to believe that the actor is a dissipated, but it is not the case by any means, and does not admit of the slightest profession more than it does to any other calling.

The women of the stage are misjudged more than the men. There are a few who are bad, but there are also bad ones off the stage. You will find them here, there, and everywhere. The first woman was a bad one, and there have been bad ones ever since. But the popular idea is that the player is an extremely dissipated man. Another error to be accounted for, like all the others—ignorance of the subject. Some of them are dissipated, but it is not the rule by any means, and does not admit of the slightest profession more than it does to any other calling.

Lincoln J. Carter is a king among producers of melodrama. No production of the stage appeals more to the popular imagination than the melodrama, and when to an exciting plot is added realism to make the picture complete, then it is that the "goods" are in their heaven. In all of Carter's productions the stage carpenter and the electrician play a far more important part than the well-dressed man, who wears a fierce black moustache, and whose sole aim is to utterly ruin the manly young "hero," and win his best girl from him. Yes, indeed, the two leading parts in the drama are not seen by the audience, but they sit around behind the scenes in their shirt sleeves, and when a whole block of Chicago has to be burned to the ground, and the howling winds must sweep everything from the face of the earth; when bridges fall, or houses tumble, or the great iron horse of the railway dashes across the stage, leaving behind a cloud of smoke and a shower of sparks, then you can just bet that these men, who are not down in the cast, are the moving spirits in all the trouble, and that they can make the winds to blow, or the fires to rage, by merely croaking their fingers, and that a pressure of their hands is sufficient to quiet the elements and make the scene as peaceful as a May morning.

To count upon Lincoln J. Carter's attractions now, one can hardly believe that only eight years ago the author-manager was struggling to produce his first melodrama, "The Fast Mail." Mr. Carter, in speaking of this, the beginning almost of his career in the theatrical business, says: "I had never known what it was to possess any amount of money, and I came upon hard lines, indeed, when I began to peddle my play from manager to manager, and found none to take it. To one, I even offered a half interest for \$100, but he thoughtfully declined, and the manuscript went back into my trunk. At length I submitted the play to Manager Hutton, of Havin's Theatre, Chicago, and he was a wiser man in June, 1890, the terms being that the first thousand dollars taken should go to the house. I leaped at this opportunity to secure a hearing for my play, although nowadays similar terms might tempt me at that time of the year in Chicago. I had very little money, and so set to work to paint my own scenery and build the frames in a shed that went with my small home. In four weeks the scenery was complete, and then, having nothing to spend on printing, I put in my nights in the cellar, painting thirty-five advertising stands, all different, and of all sizes. The bright colors, variety, and novelty of these stands caused a great deal of talk, and the 'Fast Mail' opened with considerable public interest already excited.

Weekly, the opening night was clear and cool, the play made an instant hit, and the week's business was so large that my share was sufficient to reimburse me for my outlay on the production, and to place the attraction on the road in the autumn of 1890. When the 'Fast Mail' finally went on tour, the money came in so fast that I was positively dazed. In all my life I had never seen so much of such.

W. Albaugh, Jr., of the Lyceum Theatre Stock Company, of Baltimore, are successful, Richmond will have the pleasure of seeing this now famous organization at the Academy early in December. Mr. Leath thinks he has about secured the "coveted prize," but to do so he has been most liberal in his inducements, as Mr. Albaugh will, in all likelihood, have to close his theatre in Baltimore in order to come to Richmond. A little over a year ago Mr. Albaugh introduced to Baltimore his permanent stock company, and though many predicted failure in such a conservative city, the venture proved an immediate success, the members of the company, collectively and individually, jumped into favor, not only professionally, but socially, until to-day, when they are nearing their 400th performance, they are the most talked of and most popular people in Baltimore. They have never played anywhere but in the Monumental City, and their coming to Richmond will be a dramatic event of much importance. The Lyceum Company includes Stephen Grattan, John Flood, John W. Albaugh, Jr., Percy Winter, John T. Craven, Scott Cooper, John T. Dwyer, Thomas Slater, Alfred Smith, Jennie Kennard, Beth Franklin, Grace Mae Lamkin, Leonora Bradley, and Jane Rivers.

The Academy will be dark this week. Theatre-going folk here are being compelled to fast a good deal this season. Their appetite is certainly not being allayed by the better of them, whatever their inclinations may be. The result of these periods of fasting is that when the doors of the Academy are thrown open, people, hungry for amusement, pour into the houses, and there is hardly a seat left vacant around the festive board. Manager Leath has done well in one thing. When he does set his table, and allows his almost starving boarders to rush pell-mell for seats, he serves them with choice viands, and when the last course is finished, and his guests arise to depart, they at least feel equal to going without nourishment for another week. But if our good caterer would only set that table of his a little more frequently, and let us hear the merry sound of his dinner bell with a little more regularity, his boarders would be much obliged—especially some of us who don't have to buy meat tickets from Charlie Rex.

THE STAR COURSE TO OPEN.

Bostonian Sextette and Miss Alicia Burns to Appear To-morrow Night.

The Young Men's Christian Association and its Star Course Committee are to be congratulated upon the successful opening of the course, which is already assured. Almost spontaneous with the sending out of the handsome prospectus was the rush of orders for season tickets. Many passers-by have stopped to admire the beautiful bulletin at the association, also the one in the window of Snyder & Hundley's, on Broad street, and the neighborhood of the course is admitted to be both beautiful and effective.

The course opens to-morrow night with the leading string sextette of the country—namely, the Bostonian Club. This club contains in its membership two artists of more than national fame—Mr. C. Staats, the clarinetist, and Mr. Wolf Fries, the cellist. Mr. Walter Loud, the violinist, will undoubtedly win for himself most cordial approbation. The Sextette will be accompanied by Miss Alicia Burns, a young soprano soloist of Boston, whose voice is said to be of exceptional power and compass.

The second number of the course will take place on Monday, December 5th, and will be an event of no small interest. On this occasion Hon. George W. Pack, author of "Peck's Bad Boy," will appear in his humorous lecture, "Good Bad Boys and Bad Good Boys."

WILLIAM H. REIGER, THE TENOR. Included in the course of this season are two attractions of which too much cannot be said. One is the Redpath Grand Concert Company, the leading lyceum concert company of America, and the other is the membership such singers as William H. Reiger, the famous tenor; Arthur Berensford, whose bass voice is without a peer; Miss Helen Buckley, a soprano of exceptional power and beauty; and Miss Mary Louise Clary, of whom the New York World has said: "Not since Anna Louise Clary sang here has a finer contralto voice been heard in New York."

In addition to this magnificent attraction will be the appearance of the Falletti-Woman's Orchestra, of Boston, a combination of twenty artists, under the leadership of Miss Caroline B. Nichols. The Washington Chronicle says of this combination: "It is the finest orchestra of women-players in America." The two leading of Miss Lillian Chandler, solo violinist, on this occasion, will alone be worth the price of admission.

The course contains ten attractions, all of exceptional merit, and is the most expensive list of entertainers that have been presented under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The committee have received, and deserve, the hearty co-operation of the citizens in the maintenance of such a clean and attractive course of entertainments. Only about thirty season tickets remained unsold on Saturday morning.

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ALL KINDS OF BALL.
FOOT-BALL, BASE-BALL, AND HAND-BALL DISCUSSED.

PIGSKIN ROOTERS IN IT NOW.
Base-Ball Cranks Are Patiently Waiting for Their Time to Come—Prospects of the Coming Season—Richmond Will Have Good Ball.

Foot-ball rooters are having their inclinations now, much to the disgust of the base-ball rooters, or a majority of them, anyhow. The base-ball rooter doesn't take much stock in the gridiron game, and seldom, when there is a "game," "punts," or the like. A base-ball rooter at a foot-ball game might get a little wild when some fellow breaks the line, breaks through, and dashes 30 or 40 yards down the field, but when the foot-ball rooter sees the pigskin being kicked, he is a different man. The base-ball rooter is quiet, and mumbles, "dirty ball!"

A real base-ball rooter takes very little stock in foot-ball, but the foot-ball enthusiast goes on just the same. Yesterday was a day for the pigskin boys, and they rooted roostily.

The foot-ball man can look forward to a treat again this month, when Virginia and North Carolina meet on Thanksgiving-Day, but the base-ball man must wait a long, cold day before he gets his doubles, three-baggers, home runs, sensational catches, and daring base-ball come again.

And Richmond will certainly have base-ball, Virginia League or Atlantic League, one or the other, sure.

Close followers of base-ball have been busy of late keeping, or trying to keep, tabs on the general base-ball situation. The National League may see a change in 1899. There is some talk of cutting off two clubs, and this will hardly be done. But it is more than probable that Cleveland will drop out, and a new city be taken in. In this event the Eastern or Western League will be called on to furnish the town. The Class A minor leagues have not shown much activity. The Eastern may be hurt by the New England, and the Atlantic circuit broken by the Virginia.

The Atlantic League has applications from Norfolk, Hampton, and one or two other towns, but what will be done is an interesting question. The Texas League will be reorganized, and a number of Class F leagues will be formed.

Captain E. H. Cunningham, of Norfolk, owner of the Norfolk Atlantic League franchise, who has declared his intention to resign from that organization, and take a berth in the new and popular Virginia League, was in the city last week. Captain Cunningham is president of the Virginia League, and there could be no doubt selected a better man to handle its affairs. He has had a good base-ball training, and knows well the ins and outs of management. Captain Cunningham is enthusiastic over the prospects of the league. He says all the sportsmen associated with him are good business-men, and have the money to get good clubs, and take care of them through the season. The popular base-ball magazine says that Norfolk and Portsmouth are base-ball hungry, and that Newport News will be a good town.

The league will hold a meeting here Thanksgiving night, when everything will be put in order, and a schedule committee appointed. Members will pay their protection money, which will be sent at once to President-Secretary Young, at Washington.

Base-ball enthusiasts are waiting patiently the result of this meeting, for then it will be known positively where Richmond will be in 1899.

wakes up the sporting public. Funny base-ball rooters don't band together and agree on a yell. There were several different yells at Broad-Street Park yesterday.

Nobody will actually weep if Richmond drops out of the Atlantic League, but there may be a groan or two.

Richmond's sport-loving public would not mind a good athletic entertainment once a month.

"Spikes" Shannon, last season's right-fielder, is playing foot-ball in Pittsburgh. He broke both legs playing the game last year.

Charlie Luttenberg and Ralph Seybold will play foot-ball this season at their homes. It's for the money in it.

All the big racing men have been outside the League of American Wheelmen for some weeks now, suspended by the Racing Board, and yet they seem to be eating regularly.

Franz Verheyen won the ten-kilometre championship of South Germany, at Giesheim, last September. The wheelmen, the amateur championship at twenty-five kilometres.

There is no more reason for taxing bicycles in order to build roadways, or even "cycle paths," than there is to tax shoes on sidewalks. The wheelmen, in a French town, the authorities have posted a notice stating that "every cyclist meeting a policeman is requested to stop and allow him to ascertain the speed he is riding at."

Rev. Ransom Harvey, of the Third Baptist church, of Germantown, in the visitations made weekly to the sick and other members of his flock, makes good use of his wheel.

The old-day riders are pretty sure to strike this year for a better system of scoring the long grind than was adopted last December. The men claim that the scores should be posted oftener than each hour.

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Ladies' Black Kersey Capes, slashed collar, trimmed handsomely in braid and stitching, worth \$35, now \$17.50.
Ladies' Silk Seal Plush Capes, lined with satin, embroidered with silk and jet, worth \$40, now \$20.
Ladies' Black Seal Plush Capes, lined with satin, trimmed with Thibet fur, worth \$30, now \$15.
Ladies' Seal Plush Capes, worth \$25, now \$12.50.
Capes at \$2.50—actual value \$5.

Yard-Wide Flannellettes, in a lovely variety of styles and colorings, for wrappers, worth 12-15c, and for Cream White Shaker Flannel, worth 12-15c, now 10c.
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